

## POETRY.

From the Philadelphia Saturday Courier,  
Lines to a Worn-Out Fount of Type,  
In a Note to a Friend.

I'm sitting at my desk, George;  
Before me on the floor  
There lies a worn-out fount of type,  
Full twenty thousand score.  
And many months have passed, George,  
Since they were bright and new,  
And many are the tales they've told,  
The false, the strange, the true!

Their beauty has all gone, George;  
You scarcely now may trace,  
Upon their snowy medium,  
The likeness of their face:  
They 'mind me of a man, George,  
Whose morn of life was full  
Of promise, but whose evening's close  
Was desolate and dull.

What tales of horror have they told,  
Of tempest and of wreck;  
Of murder at the midnight hour,  
Of war, full many a "speck"  
Of ships that far away at sea  
Went down before the blast;  
Of stifled cries of agony,  
As life's last moment passed!

Of earthquakes and of suicides:  
Of falling crops of cotton;  
Of bank failures, broken banks,  
And banking systems rotten;  
Of boilers bursting, steamboats snagged,  
Of riots, duels fought;  
Of robbers with their prey escaped,  
Of thieves with booty caught.

Of landladies and of water spouts;  
Of ants and alligators;  
Of serpents in the briny deep,  
Of giant sweet potatoes;  
Of children lost, and children found;  
Of finances in disorder;  
Of fights among the firemen,  
And troubles on the border.

They've told us of a nation George,  
Bent sorrowing in the dust,  
Of one whom she had called to fill  
Her highest, dearest trust;  
Of sparkling crowns for youthful brows;  
Of royal coronations;  
Of plans to rid the earth of kings,  
Of temperance reformations.

Of flood and fire, and accident,  
These worn-out types have told,  
And how the pestilence hath swept  
The youthful and the old;  
Of marriages of births, and deaths;  
Of things to please or vex us;  
Of one man's jumping overboard,  
Another gone to Texas!

They've told how low sweet summer days  
Have faded from our view;  
How Autumn's chilling wing hath swept  
The leaf-crown'd forest through;  
How dark winter's reign hath come and gone,  
Dark reign of storm and strife—  
And how the smiling Spring hath warmed  
The pale flowers back to life.

I can't pretend to mention half  
My ink friends have told,  
Since shining bright and beautiful,  
They issued from the mould—  
How unto some they joy have brought,  
To others grief and tears;  
Yet faithfully they record  
Of fast receding years!

XX. X.

## "Work While it is Day!"

Up! Christian, up!—and sleep'st thou still?  
Day light is glorious on the hill!  
And far advanced the sunny glow  
Laughs in the joyous vale below;  
The morning shadow, long and late,  
Is stretching o'er the dial's plate.

And are thine eyes, and waker say,  
Fill'd with tears of yesterday?  
Or, lowers thy dark and anxious brow  
Beneath to-morrow's burden now?  
New strength for every day is given—  
Daily the manny foil from heaven!

Link by link the chain is made,  
Pearl by pearl the costly braid;  
The daily thread of hopes and fears  
Weaves up the woof of many years.  
And well thy labor shall have sped,  
If well thou weave'st the daily thread.

Up! Christian, up! thy cares resign!  
The past, the future, are not thine!  
Show forth to day thy Savior's praise—  
Redeem the course of evil days;  
Life's shadow, in its lengthening gloom,  
Points daily nearer to the tomb!

From the N. O. Piousness.

## A Faint at a Faint.

Her forehead always had a marble glow,  
As when the sun-light beams the driven snows on  
But when she swoon'd away, it was as tho'  
Day had departed and the snow was frozen.  
A white and chill transparency arose on  
Her brow of beauty, spreading o'er her neck—  
Just as a stream, arrested as it flows on,  
When the shrill whistles of December blows on,  
But heaving still a broad exhalation speak  
Upon each cheek! Ice, with a blooming rose on,  
Is rather an odd fancy to suppose on,  
And seldom seen, as any body knows on!  
The moral is, that when the ladies faint,  
They should get wash'd before they faint to faint!

PHAZIA.

From Heath's Book of Beauty for 1842.

## A Broken Heart.

By Lady Wyatt.

The rootless seedling plant we move,  
From soil to soil, unharmed by change;  
The heart's light fancy (ere we love)  
By nothing bound, unharmed may range!  
Let either find congenial land,  
And strike deep root from inmost core;  
If then upborn by ruthless hand,  
Nipt plant—rent heart—takes root no more!

## Epigram.

Of diamonds each component part,  
We learn by chemist's aid;  
But yet of these, by chemist's art,  
Was never diamond made.  
Thus hearts in pure affection bound,  
By meddler's aid are undone;  
But never yet was meddler found  
To bind two hearts in one.

## Oxford Democrat

No. 29, Vol. 1, New Series.

Paris, Maine, Tuesday, November 23, 1841.

Old Series. No. 40, Vol. 8.

## POPULAR TALES.

## General Marion.

"Now my gallant friends," said Marion, as he issued from a swamp; followed by his ragged band of only thirty soldiers, "now look sharp—here are the British wagon-tracks, with the sand still falling in—and here are the steps of their troops passing and repassing. We shall not long be idle here!"

And so it turned out. For, scarcely had the little band reached a hiding place in the swamp, before the scout returned at full speed, stating that a British guard, with a large body of American prisoners, were on their march for Charleston.

"How many prisoners do you suppose there were?" asked Marion.

"Near two hundred," replied the scout.

"And what do you imagine was the number of the British guard?"

"Why, sir, we counted about ninety."

"Ninety," said Marion, with a smile, "ninety! Well that will do. And now, gentlemen, if you will only stand by me, I've a good hope that we three will have those ninety by to-morrow's sunrise."

"Lead on!" was the prompt response of every soldier—and as soon as the dusky night came on, the party left their place of concealment, and struck off in the direction of Nelson's ferry which they passed as a party of good loyalists. The enemy, with their prisoners had preceded them but a short time, and had halted for the night at the first tavern, generally called the "Blue House." In front of the building, was a large harbour; flushed with their late success over Sumpter and DeKalb, sat the British guard, busily engaged in drinking punch brandy, until sleep overcame them, and they sunk down deliciously, benighted to the ground.

Just as the light of day began to streak the east, Marion approached the house in perfect concealment, behind a strip of fence, within a few yards of it. But in spite of all his address, he could not effect a complete surprise of them. Their sentinels took the alarm, and firing their pieces, fled into the yard. Swift as lightning, Marion and his followers entered with them, and seizing their muskets, (which were all stacked near the gate,) made prisoners of the whole party, without having been obliged to kill more than three of them.

Had Washington and his whole army been upon the survivors, they could hardly have roared out louder for quarters. After securing their arms, Marion called for their captain; but he was not to be found, high nor low, among the living or dead. However, after a hot search, he was found upon the chimney! He begged very hard that they would not let him know where he had concealed himself. Nothing could equal the mortification of the British, when they came to see what a handful of militia-men had taken them, and recovered all their prisoners.

Marion was at first in high hopes that the American regulars, whom he had so gallantly rescued, would to a man, have joined his arms, and fought hard to avenge their late defeat. But equally to his surprise and their own disgrace, not one of them could be prevailed on to shoulder a musket. "Where is the use," say they "of fighting now, when all is lost?"

This was the general impression. And indeed, except those unconquerable spirits, Marion and Sumpter, with a few others of the same heroic stamp, who kept the field, Carolina was no better than a British province.

Marion's men, in their late attacks on the enemy, had but four rounds of powder and ball; and not a single sword that deserved the name. But Marion soon remedied that defect. He bought up the old saw-blades from the mills, and gave them to the smiths, who soon manufactured a lot of broad-swords sufficient, as was often said, to kill a man at a single blow.

From the prisoners taken in this action, Marion's men completely armed themselves—a couple of English muskets, with bayonets and cartridge-boxes, to each man, with which they retreated into Briton's Neck. They had not been there above twenty-four hours before the news was brought them by a trusty friend, that the Tories on Pedee were mustering in force, under a captain Barfield. Marion and his men were quickly on horse-back; and after a brisk ride of forty miles, came upon their encampment at three o'clock in the morning. Their surprise was so complete, that they did not fire a single shot! Of forty-nine men that composed that company, about thirty were killed and captured. The arms, ammunition, and horses, of the whole party, fell into the hands of the conquerors, with which they returned to Briton's Neck, without the loss of a man.

The rumor of these exploits soon reached the British and their friends the Tories, who presently despatched three stout companies to attack Marion. Two of the parties were British; one of them commanded by Major Weymies, of house-burner memory. The third party were altogether Tories. Marion fled before them towards North Carolina. Supposing they had entirely scouted him, the enemy gave over the chase, and returned for their respective stations—the British to Georgetown, and the Tories to Black-Mingo. Learning this, from the swift-mounted scouts whom he always kept close hanging upon their march, Marion ordered his men to face about, and dog them to their encampment, which they soon reached and attacked with great fury. Marion opened his fire on them at but a short distance; but the enemy outnumbered him at least two to one; they egged their ground and fought desperately. But losing their commander, and being hard pressed, they at length gave way and

fled in the utmost precipitation, leaving upwards of two-thirds of their number, killed and wounded, on the ground. The surprise and destruction of the Tories would have been complete, had it not been for the alarm given by the noise of Marion's horses passing a bridge, near which they were encamped. Marion never afterwards suffered his men to cross a bridge with their horses in the night, until they had first spread their blankets on it to prevent noise.

This third exploit of Marion, rendered his name very dear to the poor Whigs, but utterly abominable to the enemy particularly the Tories, who were so terrified at this last handling, that on their retreat, they would not halt a moment at Georgetown, though twenty miles from the field of battle, but continued their flight, not thinking themselves safe until they had got Santee river between them and him.

These three spirited charges having cost a great deal of rapid marching and fatigue, Marion said he would give his men a little rest. So he led them down into Waccamaw, where he knew there were some excellent friends, among whom were the Hugers and Trapers and Alstons—fine fellows! rich as Jews, and hearty as could be wished; indeed the wealthy captain, afterwards Col. William Alston, was one of Marion's aids.

These great people all received Marion and his followers as though they had been brothers, threw open the gates of their elegant yards for the cavalry, and hurried their friends up their princely steps and ushered them into their grand saloons and dining-rooms, where the famous mahogany side-boards were quickly covered with pitchers of old amber-colored brandy, and sugar-dishes of double refined, with honey for drams juleps. The horses were up to the eyes in corn, and sweet-scented fodder; while nothing that air, land, or water could furnish, seemed good enough for the men. Fish, flesh and fowl, all of the finest and finest, and sweetly graced with the smiles of the ladies, were spread before them in profusion; while Congress and Washington went round in sparkling bumpers, from old demijohns that had not left the garret for many a year. This was feasting indeed! It was a feasting of the soul as well as the sense.

In consequence of the three fortunate blows which he had lately struck, Marion, as before observed, was getting the enviable honor to be looked up to as the rallying point of the poor Whigs; inasmuch, that although afraid as mice to stir themselves, yet if they found out that the Tories and British were forming encampments about the country, they would mount their boys and push them off to Marion, to let him know it. Here follows an instance.

Marion and his men had just got braced up a little, by rest and high feeding among the noble Whigs of Waccamaw, when a likely young man at half speed, drove up one morning to the house, asked for General Marion. Marion went to the door.

"Well, my son, what do you want with me?"

"Why, sir, General," replied the youth, "daddy sent me down to let you know as how as there is to be a mighty gathering of the Tories, in our parts, to-morrow night."

"Ay, indeed! and pray whereabouts, my son, may your party be?"

"Heigh, sir, General! I don't you know where our party is! I thought every body known where daddy lives."

"No, my son, I don't; but I've a notion he lives somewhere on Pedee: perhaps a good way up."

"Yes, by jing, does he live a good way up! a matter of seventy miles—clean away up there, up on Little Pedee."

"Very well, my son, I thank your daddy, and you too, for letting me know it. And, I believe I must try to meet the Tories there."

"Oh, la sir, General, try to meet 'em indeed! you be sure! dear me, sirs, hearts alive, that you must, sir, General! for daddy says as how he is quite sartin, if you'll be there to-morrow night, you might make a proper smash among the Tories; for they'll be there thick and three-fold. They have heard, so they say, of your doings, and are going to hold this great meeting, on purpose to come all the way down here after you."

"After me?"

"Yes, indeed they are, sir, General! and you had better keep a sharp look out, I tell you now; for they have just been down to the British there, at Georgetown, and brought up a matter of two wagon-loads of guns—great big English muskets! I can turn my thumb in them easy enough! And, besides them plucky guns, they have got a tarnal nation sight of pistols and bagones, and swords, and saddles, and bridles, and the deal knows what else besides! so they are in a mighty good fix, you may depend, sir General."

"Well, perhaps you and I may have some of their fine things to-morrow night. What say you to it, my son?"

"By jing, I should like it proper well! But to be sure, now, sir General, you look like a mighty small man to fight them great big Tories there on Pedee. But daddy says as how the heart is all; and he says, too, that though you are but a little man, you have a monstrous great heart."

Marion smiled, and went out among his men, to whom he related the boy's errand, and desired them to question him, so that there might be no trick in the matter. But every scraple of that sort was quickly removed; for several of the party were well acquainted with the lad's father, and knew him to be an excellent Whig.

Having their fire-arms in prime order for an attack, they mounted; and giving their friends three cheers, dashed off by the broad-faced moon arose, and by day-break next morning, had gained a very convenient swamp, within ten miles of the grand Tory rendezvous. To avoid

giving alarm, they struck into the swamp, and there, man and horse lay snug all day. About eleven o'clock, Marion sent out a couple of nimble-footed young men, to conceal themselves over the main road, and take heed to what was going on. In the evening they returned and brought word, that the road had been constantly alive with horsemen—Tories they supposed, armed with new guns, and all moving on very gaily towards the place the lad had told them of. Soon as it was dark, they mounted, and took the track at a sweeping gallop, which, by supper-time, brought them in sight of the fires around which the Tories were gathered. Then leaving their horses under a small guard, they advanced quite near in the dark, without being discovered; for so little thought had they of Marion, that they had not placed a single sentinel; but were, all hands, gathered about the fire—some cooking, some fiddling and dancing, and some playing cards, as they were distinctly heard bawling out: "Huzza, at him again, damme! ay, that's the dandy! My trick, begad!" Poor wretches, little did they think how near their fates were grinning around them.

Observing that they had three large fires, Marion divided his little party of sixty men into three companies, each opposite to a fire, then ordering them to take aim, with his pistol he gave the signal for a general discharge. In a moment the woods were in a blaze, as by a flash of lightning accompanied by a tremendous clap of thunder. Down tumbled the dead; off bolted the living; loud screamed the wounded; while far and wide, all over the woods, nothing was to be heard but the running of Tories, and the snorting of wild bounding horses, snapping the saplings. Such a tragedy-comedy was hardly ever seen. On running up to the fires they found they had killed twenty-three, and badly wounded as many more; thirteen were made prisoners; poor fellows who had not been grazed by a bullet, but were so frightened that they could not budge a peg. Eighty-four stand of arms, chiefly English muskets and bayonets, one hundred horses, with new saddles and bridles, with a good deal of ammunition and baggage, fell into the hands of Marion's party.

The consternation of the Tories was so great that they never dreamed of carrying off anything. Even their fiddles and fiddle-bows, and playing-cards were all left strewn around their fires. One of the gamblers, (it is a serious truth,) though shot dead, still held the cards hard-gripped in his hands. Led by curiosity to inspect that strange sight, a dead gambler, they found that the cards which he held were ace, deuce and jack. Clubs were trumps. Holding high, low, jack, and the game, in his own hand, he seemed to be in a way to do well, but Marion came down upon him with a trump that spoiled his sport, and non-suited him forever.

But the most comfortable sight of all, was the fine supper which the Tories had cooked! three fat roasted pigs, and six turkeys with piles of nice Johnny-cakes. "Tis true, the dead bodies lay very thick round the fires; but having rode seventy miles, and eaten nothing since the night before, their appetites were too keen to think of standing on trifles; so they fell upon the poor Tories' provisions, and made a hearty supper. And to crown all, they found among the spoil, half a barrel of fine old peach brandy.

"Ay, this brandy!" said Marion, "was the worst foe these poor rogues ever had. But I'll take care it shall be no foe to us." So, after ordering half a pint to each man, he had the balance put under guard. And it must be observed, by way of justice to General Marion, that success never seemed to elate him; nor did he ever lose sight of safety in the blaze of victory. For instantly after the defeat of the Tories, the guns were all loaded and sentinels set, as if an enemy had been in force in the neighborhood.

## The Granary.

A TALE WHICH EVERY PERSON WILL READ.

By Rev. Abel C. Thomas.

"Whoso readeth, let him understand."

"Jonathan Homespun, having purchased an extensive farm, and provided himself with every thing requisite to prosperous husbandry, proposes to furnish subscribers with one quart of wheat weekly, for one year, at the low price of one dollar and fifty cents, in advance; two dollars at the end of six months; or two dollars and fifty cents if not paid till the close of the year.

"The facilities afforded by the Government, for the transportation of wheat to every section of the Union and adjacent provinces, are such as must prove satisfactory to every subscriber; and the proprietor of the Granary assures all who may patronize him, that he will exert himself to supply an article of the best quality.

"N. B.—Agents will be allowed a generous per centage. Address (post paid) Proprietor of the Granary, Hopewell."

Such was the prospectus issued by my friend, Mr. Homespun. Feeling a lively interest in his welfare, I visited his farm, although it was a long journey from my house, and was pleased to find every thing in nice order. He informed me that he had contracted a large debt in the purchase of the premises, stock and implements of husbandry, but that he had no doubt of his ability to discharge every obligation in a few years. He also stated that he had already received several hundred subscribers, and that in four weeks he would commence the delivery of the wheat according to his proposal.

The scheme appeared plausible; and my friend was so confident of his success, that I had not the slightest doubt of his prosperity. I entered my name as a subscriber, and when I left him he was preparing many thousand quart sacks. Every week, for the space of two years, I re-

ceived my quart of wheat, and concluded from its excellent quality and prompt delivery, that every thing was prosperous with Jonathan Homespun and his farm. So I gave myself no concern about my indebtedness to him; "for," said I, "to a farmer so extensively patronized as he is, the small pittance of two years' arrearages would be but a drop in the bucket." 'Tis true, there was occasionally printed on the sacks a general notice to delinquents; but I never suspected that it was intended for his friends.

The notice, however, became more frequent; and having leisure, I concluded I would visit my friend, the proprietor of the Granary. He greeted me cordially; but I saw there had been trouble. He was evidently worn with toil and anxiety; and in the conversation of the evening, he entered into particulars.

"Here I have been laboring day and almost night for two years; and I am more in debt now than when I began. My creditors are pressing for payment; I am conscious of inability to meet their demands and can perceive no result but bankruptcy and ruin."

"But have you not a large list of subscribers?" said I.

"Yes, a very large list," was the reply; "but too many of them are like you!"

"Me?" I quickly rejoined in amazement; "too many like me!"

"Pardon me," said my friend in a melancholy tone; "pardon me, for oppression will make even a wise man mad."

"You have had a quart of wheat weekly for two years; and I have not had a cent of payment; I have a large list of the same kind of patrons scattered here and there over thousands of miles. If they would pay me the trifle they severally owe me, I should be directly freed from embarrassment, and go on your way rejoicing. But they reasoned as you reasoned; and among you, I am brought to the door of poverty and ruin."

I felt the full force of the rebuke; and promptly paying arrearages at the increased price named in the prospectus, and also a year in advance, I shortly bid adieu to the worthy and wronged farmer, resolving to do every thing in my power to repair the injury which had occurred from my delinquency.

O ye patrons of Jonathan Homespun! wherever ye are! ye who have received and eaten the wheat from his Granary, without making payment! Ye are guilty of a grievous sin of commission. Therefore repent. Pay the farmer what you owe him. Uncle Sam's teamsters bring you the sack of grain every week, and Uncle Sam's teamsters will carry the money safely to Jonathan Homespun.

MEN MAKE THEMSELVES.—The primary bestowments of nature are not ours to determine, but a secondary nature, formed by action, habit and effort, it is in the power of each to choose and determine. We cannot create the soul, we cannot make the mind itself, but we can make it enlightened or ignorant, enlarged or contracted, free, generous and pure, or base, ignoble and slavish. \* \* \* Let no man therefore despair and sigh over his deficiencies, as if nature had made him a pebble stone instead of a diamond. She makes no diamonds in the intellect; and moral world, none pure, perfect, finished; they must become so by their own efforts.

CHARITY.—Too many people confound charity with donation; they are satisfied with having given the most ready vent to the generous impulse; they have gratified a high and low feeling—the kindness, and we fear also the ostentation. This is not charity which goes about with a white pocket handkerchief in the hand, and is followed by a flourish of trumpets! No; charity is a calm, severe duty; it is a strange mistake that it should be a merit; its fulfillment is only what we owe to each other, and is a debt never paid to its full extent.

WANT OF OCCUPATION.—There is no saying shocks me so much as that which I hear very often, that a man does not know how to pass his time. It would have been but ill-spoken by Methuselah in the nine hundredth and sixty-ninth year of his life.—[Covley.

DESIRE.—Almost all desires are apt to wander into an improper course: to direct them properly requires care; but that care renders us safe and happy through life.

SELFISHNESS.—Men are so employed about themselves, that they have not leisure to distinguish and penetrate into others; which is the cause why great merit, joined to a great modesty, may be a long time before it is discovered.—[La Bruere.

CURIOUS BY THE CORD.—The following capital hit is from the Baltimore Patriot:

A Charles county boatman came to Georgetown with a load of wood. "What can you take for your wood?" asked a dealer. "Four dollars a cord," was the reply. "Will you take Canal script?" "What! that money of Mr. Thomas!" "Yes." "If I take that, I must have cord for cord."

GENTILITY.—"Oh dear! mother, I've got the cramp in my toe!" said a girl of ten years, tripping into a house in Camp street yesterday.

"My darling, how vulgar you talk," said the exemplary matron, "why could not you just as well have said: I have a muscular contraction in one of my pedal extremities."

"Are those bells ringing for fire?" inquired Simon of Tiberius. "No indeed," answered Tiberius; "they have got plenty of fire, and the bells are now ringing for water to match."

A literary friend of our's mentioning that he was about to publish the "Memoirs of a Dead Jackass," the answer was, "Leave it, my good fellow, for your executors to do."

A young lady having engaged to be married, took occasion to change her mind, and besought the aid of a friend saying, "do help me out of this knot." "O certainly," replied the friend, "that's easily done as it is only a *beau knot*."



## POLITICAL.

From the Charleston Mercury.

The old merchants of Charleston speak with enthusiasm of the noble trade of this city thirty and forty years ago—before the establishment of the Bank dynasty in the country—when we had a direct trade with many nations—when payments were made mostly in gold and silver—when the merchants themselves poured their surplus resources into each other's hands with the freedom and confidence of brothers—when bad faith was as little suspected as it was rarely practiced. Those who have dealt with the merchants of Cuba give the same account of the prompt payments, confiding trust, and sterling honesty that characterized the course of business there. The curious science of checks and balances, stately rows of books "by double and single entry," the vast complicated web spun about the circle of business to prevent sharpers from preying on each other, is little known in those regions, where men buy only what they can pay for, and are careful to pay for what they buy.

In the system under which we now live, our currency is a vast debt of the banks, our capital a still greater debt to the banks; our retail trade another to wholesale capital; our meat, drink, and clothes, a debt to the retail trade. We are wound up, interlocked and hooked, in a system of debt and credit, overlaid, underlaid, network, crosswork, binders, braces, and all conceivable sorts of intertwinement, until we resemble very much one of those bewildering mazes of machinery that have grown up under the crazy dream of making "perpetual motion," and with much the same object and success, too—for our whole system is founded on the universal desire to live and get rich without capital, without economy, and without toil—and the result, as in the case of the said perpetual motions, is that when we are just on the point of bringing our scheme to perfection, it is sure to stop with a crash, and the whole to tumble about our ears. A crazy chemist in one of Boz's whimsical tales, complaining of the same malice of fate, says, "the *Philosopher's Stone*, would have been discovered a thousand times, if it had not been for the remarkable fact that the crucible is sure to blow up just at the very moment when the grand result was about to be realized." Our system is such that if a single wheel break, the whole stops, or rushes off in a terrible rattle and crash—the protest of a note may set the whole world into an uproar—the bankruptcy of a broker may produce all the dismay and confusion of an earthquake. In our states of "high prosperity," we have been compared to an inflated balloon—stick a pin in it and the whole goes off in a whizz and a crack and a spatter, leaving nothing but emptiness and collapse, in place of the round, elastic airship that could shoot into the clouds and outstrip the bird of Jove.

The great, radical, incurable defect of our system is its uncertainty. The man who has nothing and can borrow \$20,000, feels that he risks nothing in rushing into the wildest chance for fortune; if he loses it all, he is no poorer, and he may become rich. And there is no power to check this operation of the system; positively none that is stronger than a straw before the storm. The actual owner of the capital which is thus made the pillar of gamblers, speculators, and deluded adventurers, have no efficient control whatever over its application; in general, they neither do nor can know any thing about its administration or its safety. Two years ago there was a vast collection of capital under the control of 12 of "the most respectable men" of Philadelphia. They averred from time to time that it was in the most perfect state of preservation—the shares sold for \$123—they can now be bought for three dollars and a half, and are considered a hard bargain at that. Who were the owners of this forty-two million of capital? The quiet people of the little island of Guernsey, near England, had a few millions of it—a large portion was the property of orphan children and widows—another large portion belonged to retired business men, who wished to have wealth without trouble of managing it—professional men of all kinds were another large class of its stockholders—literary institutions and charitable foundations sought refuge there, and all for the sake of placing money where it would incur no risk, and involve no trouble in management. The very object which nine tenths of the people have investing money in banks, is to relieve themselves from all trouble of looking after it—a fact which none will dispute, and which fully justifies our assertion above, that the owners of the capital of the Banks have no efficient control whatever over its application. A Bank, then, is a contrivance whereby a great number of simple minded people are persuaded to make a common purse and place in the pockets of a select committee, with perfect liberty thenceforth and forever to use it for the benefit of the owners, if they please, or for their own individual benefit if they should be taken with the single impulse of preferring the latter to the former.

## GOVERNMENT PROTECTION.

The N. Y. Journal of Commerce, a Whig paper, says:—

"The policy of the old nations has been exploded here, not only in reference to personal rights, as between the government and the governed, but in reference also to the control which government ought to exercise over the private conduct of individuals when honestly seeking to promote the national welfare. In other words, we have overthrown the great theory of governmental regulation and protection, and have found out that the less the government interferes with individuals, the better. We have found out that the duty of the government extends to the protection of every citizen, in his life, liberty and estate, leaving him to seek his own happiness as seems best to himself, so that he does not prevent his neighbors from exercising the same liberty."

The Portland Advertiser hardly assents to this, but, on the contrary, it seems lately to urge its Protective notions with renewed vigor and energy. Last week, it was seized with a Tariff fever because a German emigrant chose to buy an Ox's head instead of a cut of sirloin—Monday, it was very anxious lest, without a Protective tariff, the Agricultural population of the West

should one day starve to death—and yesterday it made a great ado because the British were raising Cotton somewhat rapidly in their India possessions. Now it really seems to us that our neighbor need not be so very much troubled on these points, or give himself any uneasiness about them whatever. If the people are only left to themselves, they will doubtless take care of themselves, and that too, in a very comfortable manner, but if Government undertakes to manage their business for them, it will be quite likely to get them into difficulty. "It is obvious," says a late writer, "that a Legislature which enters on a system of Protective duties, assumes the exercise of a power which it is quite impossible it can exercise with advantage. They, in fact, assume the direction of the whole industry and capital of the country; dictate in what channels they shall flow; arbitrarily enrich one class at the expense of another; tax the many for the benefit of the few; and in short, enter on a policy which, if followed by other countries, would necessarily put a stop to all commerce, and throw each nation on its individual resources."

It is high time that this doctrine of "protection" slept in peace. It is wrong, every way. Government was instituted for no such purpose as the Tariff men seem to think. They would convert it into "a Jack at all trades, architect, engineer, school master, merchant, theologian, a lady Bountiful in every parish, a Paul Pry in every house, spying, eavesdropping, relieving, admonishing, spending our money for us, and choosing our opinions for us." They would make it stimulate trade, prosecute internal improvements, and carry forward every good enterprise, whether regardless of individual effort. Better, far better, is the doctrine which believes man capable of managing for himself and the people competent to take care of their own business.—[Argus.]

From the Eastern Argus.

## PRESIDENT TYLER'S LETTER.

The following is Mr. Tyler's reply to an invitation to a public dinner which was extended to him during his recent visit to Virginia. We are glad to find in it new declarations of the President's adherence to his ancient views concerning a bank, and new proof that he sets a proper estimate upon the barbarous denunciations with which he has been recently assailed by the advocates of such an institution. The Washington correspondent of the Salem Gazette has lately sketched a plan for a National Bank which it intimates that the President will sanction—but this can hardly be. All indications are against it.—The National Intelligencer fears that "its friends deceive themselves" in the hope that "the President will propose or at least sanction some plan of a National Bank"—and the Madisonian says, that "certainly, a National Bank, operating *per se*, &c. cannot be reasonably looked for during the next four years; and it would be very unreasonable and fictitious to urge or agitate it. The subject of a National Bank, therefore, possessing some of the principal attributes of either of the United States Banks, or of either of the ill-fated and still-born Fiscal Corporations—will not again, we trust, be mooted, either in Congress or out of Congress, till the advocates of such a measure can command the votes of two-thirds of each House of Congress. For they must be well aware, that nothing short of this numerical force can successfully oppose the unit force that has, twice, so recently prostrated the bank schemes, and still stands pledged by principle and patriotism, and conscience and the oath of the Constitution, to continue to oppose them."

If a National Bank, then, (says the Richmond Enquirer,) be out of the question, the question recurs, what species of Fiscal Agent will be recommended by the Chief Magistrate in his next Message? We certainly cannot undertake to say. We know, that he has various schemes before him—that he has sought for information from various quarters—and that several projects have been submitted to his consideration. We admit that the problem is somewhat difficult of solution; and we can only wish him a safe deliverance from his embarrassments by which he is surrounded. But without undertaking to lay down the specifications of any chart to guide his barque, we hope that he will avoid every species of Corporation or partnership between the funds of the Government and any such Institution.—We would respectfully advise him to propose no scheme, which cannot be modified, changed or expunged, according to the lights of experience and the pleasure of Congress; to recommend no charter, no corporation; to shun the rock on which several split during the last session, of attempting to do indirectly what cannot be done directly; to establish no Bank in the District, for the purpose of throwing branches into the States, with their assent; nor to patch up the present Banks in the District, and embody them into one great corporation, with a capital of five millions, for the purpose of constituting it as the Fiscal Agent of the Government, as has been proposed to him. It would be the height of folly, to attempt to build up a new edifice upon such old and shattered materials; to say nothing further of the irresistible objections, which may be urged against such a proposition. We trust, in like manner, that we shall have no large monied corporation established at Washington—which may exert a reciprocal influence upon the officers of the Executive or the members of Congress.—There would be corruption in its very touch.—We trust also, that if a paper medium is to be used for fiscal purposes, in the shape of Treasury

notes, or certificates of deposit, in addition to gold and silver, that one of the essential elements should be its convertibility into specie. We wait, however, calmly wait, for the unveiling of the book, on the first Monday of December."

CEDAR HILL, New Kent, Co.,  
November 8, 1841.

GENTLEMEN—Few things would afford me more pleasure than to meet my friends and old constituents of this County, at the festive board, in pursuance of your polite invitation; but the necessity which exists for my speedy return to the seat of Government, places it out of my power to do so. I can, however, do no less than return to you and those you represent, my grateful thanks for the kind sentiments of regard and confidence, which you have been pleased to express towards me. Shall I not be justified by the people of this ancient county, in the declaration, that, when as long ago as twenty-five years they did me the honor to confer their almost unanimous suffrages upon me, as their Representative in Congress, the political principles which I then avowed, have been the same, which, since my accession to the Presidency, I have dared to vindicate and maintain, at the expense of the bitterest denunciations which have ever heretofore assailed a public functionary.

The same opinions as to the power of Congress to charter a National Bank, which I then avowed in the presence of your fathers, and of many who still survive among you, and which, as your Representative, I strenuously urged in 1819, are still maintained with abiding and undiminished conviction. I was then sustained by the people of this district, with almost entire unanimity, and I therefore take leave to say, that if any of them are converts to new opinions, they might, at least, have granted to me, as the Chief Magistrate, bound by oath to support the Constitution, the benefit of the new lights of reason which have been shed upon them, before they united with others, in a spirit of unqualified denunciation.—What would they have me do? Would they have me sacrifice the consistency of my past life, for party ends? Or what is of far more importance, both morally and politically, would they require of the Chief Magistrate of this glorious Union, to surrender all claim to their respect, by violating his oath of office, in order to gratify the moloch of party? If they would have so great a sacrifice, then I am proud to say, they will not receive it at my hands. I censure no man for his opinion on this or any other subject—but while I award to him the right to think for himself, should he not exempt me from his denunciations because I cannot think as he does? I beg you to be assured gentlemen, that the incentives to which I have been subjected, have in no degree disturbed my equanimity. Amid the torments of abuse, no matter by what motives dictated, which have been uttered against me, "my pulse has kept as healthful music," as if nothing had occurred. The light reflected from burning effigies, has only served to render the path of duty more plain. In that path I shall walk, my confidence being placed on the patriotism, discernment and intelligence of the American people, whose interests are always best sustained by a firm observance of Constitutional requirements.

I tender to you, individually, assurance of great personal regard.

JOHN TYLER.

## "REMOVALS FROM OFFICE."

"There cannot be a question that one of the reasons, and perhaps not one of the most important, that have produced the falling off in the Whig votes, in many of the States, at the recent elections, is the failure, on the part of the Whig National Administration, to remove from office certain local office incumbents, who have been most obnoxious to the dislike and disgust of the Whigs among whom they are located."—*Boston Atlas*.

This smacks of the school of Granger, who resigned his seat in Tyler's Cabinet principally because the President was not proscriptive enough. It will hardly pass current in Maine, though not because the Whigs here are not as dear lovers of proscriptive as their brethren elsewhere, but because, with one or two exceptions, every office in the State in the gift of the President, has been already bestowed upon Federal partisans. As far as we can learn, too, most of the appointments made by the present Administration in New England, (and they have been very numerous,) have given the Whigs far more trouble than they have occasioned them benefit—and if similar appointments have been made to all offices in the country before the late elections, those elections would probably have been even more disastrous to Federalism than they now have been.

The *Atlas* must look for a better reason by which to account for the recent disasters of its party than this flimsy plea about the continuance of a few Democratic officeholders. There are many Whigs, no doubt, whose principles lie in their pockets, and who fought, last fall, only for office—but although a few of these, sordid by disappointment, may not have voted at the late elections, or even have voted against the Federalists, yet not to them is the Democratic party indebted for its splendid victories of 1841. Those victories were the result of the unmaking of Federalism in the unguarded moments of its success, and of the awakening of the People from the temporary delusion in which too many of them were thrown by the arts of the Hard Gilder party, last fall. Never was a more disgraceful contest than that which was then waged by Whiggery. Hypocrisy, double-dealing, false charges, buffoonery, boisterous revels, midnight processions and tricks of playing were the shameful means by which it was carried, and it is not strange, therefore, that a victory thus obtained has proved anything but permanent. A party made up of all shades of doctrine might do well enough in speechless opposition, but it could not survive a declaration of measures, and few into fragments upon the "opening of the budget" at the Extra Session. False promises, too, and reckless accusations may have helped their original impetus to power—but the ghosts of these exploded lies could hardly and any dynasty to keep the power which it had thus unworthily acquired. The bacchanalian orgies, even, with which Whiggery, a year ago, disgraced the bar-rooms which

it tried to consecrate by the name of *Log Cabins*, are remembered now only with disgust by the majority of those who participated in them, while the right judging portion of the people can have no sort of confidence in a party that has thus attempted to gain office by debauching the People. In a single word, rogues in politics as in other things, may prosper for a while, but in the end, it is pretty sure to be found out. The Whigs plied the cheat last year, and with success—but they have been found out this year, and are getting punished for it as they deserve.—[Argus.]

## A FEDERAL CONFESSION.

A correspondent of the Boston Courier seems to think the Federal party has not done much for the country, since its accession to power in March last, and discourses on the fertile theme as follows:—

It is true that a series of measures was proposed in Congress, at the late extra session, and that Whig in jury succeeded in voting them through; but it must be affirmed of them, that not one was thoroughly good of itself; not one had been well matured in the outset; not one was untidily and cordially sustained by all the party; all of whom were more or less emasculated by their own friends whilst they were in the course of adoption, and one of them was entirely defeated by the constitutional objections of a wavering Whig Chief Magistrate. With distracted counsels like these in high places, how could the public confidence be expected to follow? and with the evidence before them of such mutual distrust, how could the people feel that their reliance was not likely to prove vain?

But there are many of the Whig party who seem to think, that so far as it depends upon them, much has actually been accomplished, and their pledges have consequently been redeemed. They affirm that it is too early to raise the cry of disappointment, before an opportunity has been given to observe the results of those measures which they have carried through very well. Let that argument go for all that it seems to be worth, and yet nobody will deny that much still remains undone that ought to be done. But it is in truth worth very little, for the Whigs as yet stand much nearer to failure in doing any thing at all, than to complete success in doing what the country desires. And if they let as much more time slip by in the same manner that they have the past, they will lose their opportunity of doing any thing forever, because a new election may clear them of the necessary power, prior to the next, which will hurl them completely down. It is dangerous, therefore, for them to console themselves with the idea that they have failed, as yet, only in one of their schemes, and that time enough is still left to replace that. Better would it be to regard what has been done as total failure in attaining their end, because in that case, perhaps the requisite spirit might even now be summoned from hearts as yet too discordant, and the country might benefit by the pledges that have been given.

But some will ask what is the evidence to prove so great a failure? Let the answer be found in the street and by the waysides. Where is the spot in the United States in which commercial confidence is fully established? From one end of the continent to the other, the instability of the currency is even more marked than it was last year, under a Democratic administration. And the hope of a speedy return to a solid basis, in most of the non-specie paying States, is now more feeble than it was. The prospect opened by a paper currency, irremediable for five years, under the authority of State legislatures, is a prospect of ultimate bankruptcy, both of the banking institutions and the States which support them, unless something is done to counteract the tendency. This is too gloomy a picture some may say. But how is it sustained by public opinion? Are not some of the State debts daily quoted as worth only forty-five cents in the dollar, which sold a year ago for seventy, and in spite of the Waig distribution bill of the last session? Is not the bank paper of many States nearly in every possible variety of depreciation? Is not the treasury expending more than it receives, notwithstanding the revenue bill? And (which is the most striking of all indications of the public opinion,) does not the rich and powerful nation, of which we are all members, find it hard to raise money at six per cent per annum interest now, which, fifteen years ago, when there were neither so many people nor so much wealth, but its five per cents eagerly sought for, at an advance on the nominal par? These are proofs of what people think of the administration of public affairs, far more decisive than any mere affirmations or denials which party organs deem it expedient to put forth.

Another proof of what the people think on this subject may be found in the results of the recent elections, where the Democracy have carried almost every thing their own way. The reforms which Federalism promised before election, every body feels have not been accomplished since, while it is equally manifest that it has attempted to fasten upon the nation a series of tyrannical measures from which the people shrink with horror.—[Argus.]

NEW JERSEY BANKS.—A bill has been introduced into the Legislature of New Jersey, and ordered to a second reading, requiring that all the Banks and companies exercising banking privileges in New Jersey, shall, on or before the fourth day of July next, resume the redemption of their notes and the payment of their debts in specie under penalty of forfeiture of their charters.

The New York Tribune, (Fed.) says it is now "morally certain" that Henry Clay will resign his seat in Congress upon the assembling of the Kentucky Legislature, and spend the winter in one of the West India Islands. It expects Mr. Crittenden to succeed him.

Hon. F. O. J. Smith proposes to publish an agricultural and scientific paper in Portland, to be called the *Eastern Farmer*. No doubt he will make it interesting and valuable. Connected with it is to be an agricultural warehouse. Subscriptions to be sent to Ira Berry & Co.

## OXFORD DEMOCRAT.

PARIS, NOVEMBER 23, 1841.

## THE LATE ELECTIONS.

The State Elections have all been held for the present year, and the results are most gratifying to the friends of Democracy. The revolution is complete. The Democratic "commotion" has swept from one extreme of the land to the other, and left Federalism hardly a foothold on which to rest itself, except in Massachusetts, where "the sun-light of truth cannot pierce the thick clouds of darkness and delusion that cover it," although the result of the election there indicates that now and then, a stray gleam or flash, has made its way through the thick clouds, giving a hope that ere long they may be entirely swept away.

Our victory is without a parallel, not even excepting the "hard cider whirlwind" of 1810. The revolution has been extraordinary and thorough. The sober second thought of the people has been made manifest, and their condemnation of Whig principles and Whig measures has gone forth.

New Hampshire, the granite pillar, opened the campaign. Her election occurred soon after the accession of General Harrison, which resulted in the election of the entire Democratic ticket with the usual majority. Soon after, elections were held in Connecticut and Virginia. In the first there was a Democratic gain. The latter stood about the same as at the Presidential election. These took place before the Extra Session, and before the Federal Party had made any declaration of principles or proposed any measures or changes, and therefore do not show any important changes.—The faith of the people in Federal promises had not as yet been shaken, nor had facts proved that the issue upon which that party had gained power was false.—But after the Extra Session had developed the measures and policy of the present Administration, the results in the different States began to show that the people distrusted the party, and every election indicated immense changes in favor of the Democratic party. Louisiana held her election soon after the commencement of the Session and gave a diminished Federal vote. The election in Indiana took place a month after that of Louisiana, and Harrison's majority of thirteen thousand was reduced to almost nothing, and a Democratic majority elected in the Legislature. As the doings in Congress progressed, and measures after measure was proposed, and the principles of the party in power were developing, the friends of the Administration began to tremble. Then came President Tyler's Veto, scattering confusion and dismay among the friends of a National Bank. Immediately upon the heels of the Veto, Vermont came thundering in with a Democratic gain of nearly ten thousand votes. Then Maine with her ten thousand Democratic majority.—Then Georgia, Maryland, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Ohio, New York, Michigan, and Massachusetts, making an aggregate Democratic net gain of over one hundred thousand votes.

The issue in some of the States was Bank or no Bank, but in most of them it was the people's condemnation of the Federal party and Federal principles.—Their rebuke upon men who had made pro: and professions to gain power and had deceived them. It is the inherent virtue of our cause which has effected this mighty and bloodless revolution in so many States.

## ELECTIONS.

Massachusetts. In 348 towns the returns of vote for Governor gave Morton 56,183; Davis 55,600; and Bolwell and scattering 2,450. Davis' majority over Morton, 4,017; over all 1,067. His majority in the same towns last year was 15,570. There are 4 towns to be heard from, which gave last year, for Morton 2,277; for Davis 431. Last year Davis' majority in the State was 16,600! And Harrison's majority 21,600! This year Davis' majority will hardly exceed 11,000. The Legislature is decidedly Federal, although the Democrats have made considerable gains in both branches.

Georgia. The official returns of the vote of this State give McDonald, (dem.) 38,725; Dawson, (fed.) 34,530—Democratic majority 4,195. Last fall, the vote of the State was, for Harrison, 40,201; for Van Buren, 31,421. Decrease of federal votes compared with last fall, 5,722. Increase of Democratic votes, 6,564. Democratic gain 12,531! Democratic majority in the Senate, 22; House, 32.

Pennsylvania. The official returns of the late election in Pennsylvania gives Porter a majority of 23,003. At the late Presidential election the vote was for Van Buren 143,675; for Harrison 251,012.

Florida.—In the sixth district, Berthelot (dem.) was elected to the Senate in the place of Gov. Duval (republican) by an overwhelming majority. The Democrats have also elected 24 members of the House of Representatives, the Whigs only 5.

The New York Legislature next session will consist of 15 Feds and 27 Democrats in the Senate; 100 year 21 Feds and 11 Democrats. The Assembly 83 Feds and 95 Democrats; last year 66 Feds and 69 Democrats. The Democratic majority on the popular vote is about 17,000; last year whig majority 13,243. A Democratic gain of about 30,000.

The Revolutionary Battle Grounds.—The principles of Democratic Equal Rights, &c. a Salem Advertiser remarks, are nobly sustained on the sacred spots where the first blood of our fathers was shed in resistance of British tyranny and Toryism in 1775 and '76. Chelmsford gives Morton a majority of 254—Concord 41—Lexington 5. The true-hearted inhabitants of these glorious towns will never involve themselves in the disgrace of sustaining a federal Tory Governor, who gave three cheers when he heard his friends of the British army had sacked and burnt the city of Washington!







